

# WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

# VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

[VOL. IV.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1806.

No. 40.]

## THE POLISH CHIEFTAIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THE  
AUTHOR OF  
"ABALLINO."

(Continued.)

WORONOF was about to remonstrate, and had turned half round to fly, when the earth opened and engulfed him. The crash of the closing aperture had awaked him; and under the awful impression it had made, and the evident interpretation of the vision, he had dressed himself, and was on his knees before the crucifix, which he wore suspended at his breast, and which had been consecrated at Rome, when Barbaro entered!—"Mighty Woronof," said he, "I interrupt your devotions, but it is in the cause of heaven and humanity that I am come.—My business is secret, its object is peace and the prevention of slaughter. I am the confessor of Berodsko, your son; and deputed by him at this late and solemn hour, to signify that he wishes for an accommodation; that he is ready to listen to what his father may propose; and that, as the business is urgent, he invites you to meet him, unattended, at the rocky hollow which lies under the old fortress of Horsa, whither, on the faith of my sacred function, I will safely conduct you. There, unarmed and unattended, he will present you the kiss of peace, and leave to your parental solicitude for your country, the terms which shall cement the union with yourself and Malcar."

'By what token,' said Woronof, 'shall

I know that your mission is sincere, and that he has sent you?' 'By this sacred banner,' replied Barbaro, 'which he now entrusts in your hands, and this royal seal, enriched with his crest in gold, and bearing his arms on the shield of mercy, once the presage of the noble Woronof.'

'Enough, holy priest,' said the chief, 'I will follow where you lead. Were not the heart of Woronof impervious to the weak inroads of imagination, I should consider you as the messenger of fate. Be it so—that you have come to interpret my dream, that by your agency I am to fall: shall I not die in the bed of true greatness, since my life will be devoted to the preservation of my state, and even those of my enemies? The hour draws nigh; the fearless heart of Woronof for the first time, feels disquieted at a dream. But are not you the pledge of my son's fidelity and honour? You shall be the witness of my love of peace and paternal friendship. Yes, I will attend you, and leave to heaven and your sacred garb, the safety of my person, and the testimony of what I dare for the re-establishment of peace.'

The Chief having adjusted the crucifix to his breast, marched silently from his tent, attended by the friar in his sable habit. Woronof was clad in massy polished armour; on his helmet floated a plume of black and white feathers, his beaver was up, and the ground seemed to totter beneath his firm and manly step.

With the pass-word, they easily passed the confines of the camp, when Barbaro drew forth his lantern, and lighted the Chief through the rude and broken ground, till they came to the skirt of the dell in which they were to descend. Profound darkness seemed to veil each foot-step, and the screeching of the night-bird was increased by the echo that reverberated from the opposite side of the environing rocks.

'Thus far all is well,' said Woronof; 'but methinks this silence, this darkness and descent, resembles the situation in which the demon of malice struck me to the earth. Rather would I meet a host of foes, than encounter such terrific apprehensions.'

His conductor endeavoured to support his spirits, by representing the greatness of effecting a peace, and reclaiming a refractory son. By this time they had advanced to the bottom of the hollow, where, by the glimmering light of the taper, Woronof beheld Berodsko standing in a musing attitude. He threw himself upon the neck of his father, and exclaimed, 'be every suspicion banished!—I again embrace my father, and may our interview be the signal of an eternal reconciliation!' 'Heaven grant it!' replied the Boyar, and he enfolded his son in his arms.—The Baron now entered upon terms, and proposed that his son should send a flag of truce on the following morning, and consent to remain within his own territory, after making a small compen-

sation to Malcar for the expences of the unjust war he had levied against him. To this, the haughty Berodsko objected, and insisted as a *sine qua non* that Woronof should detach his troops from those of Malcar, or turn them against his ally in the heat of the battle; in which case, Malcar must be totally defeated, and they might easily divide his territory between them.

Woronof started at the baseness of the proposal, and demanded on what principle he could insult him with a condition so infamous. "Dost thou think," said the Baron, "that I will abandon my ally, that you may swallow him up? You have sought the war! Sanguinary of blood and possessions, you have been more than repaid for the trifling infractions which half a dozen lawless banditti made on your frontiers. And would you prescribe terms on the very verge of flight or defeat? Inconsiderate boy, defeat and death hover around you!"

"Whom they hover around," vociferated Berodsko, "depends upon circumstances! Think not me that timid fool to start at ties which bind the vulgar herd! You resolve to sacrifice me to Malcar—(at this juncture, he extinguished his taper: he is my enemy, and you are his friend! I came to meet you here as my father, and I find you my foe! you have a soul perhaps too great to profit by stratagem, but with me it is the very sinew of war! You are in my grasp, and never will I suffer you to return alive to your tent, till you have sworn by this holy banner and on this precious crucifix to abandon Malcar: I leave the event of the war to our single strength. Neglect not this condition! To your courage add prudence, or, behold! you will perish ignominiously on this spot!—When you are no more, I shall succeed by hereditary right; then will my enemy become my vassal—then will I have that revenge which you may now prevent, and one grave may hold the remains of Woronof and his faithful ally!"

Indignant with rage, and for a moment astonished at the turpitude of such unexpected and parricidal threats, the Baron spoke not; but at length, recovering his surprise, he knelt on the ground and raised his hands to Heaven, swearing that he would never abandon the man whose cause was that of justice and his own, and that sooner than be taken pri-

soner, he would gloriously shorten the few remaining years of his life in the struggle. "But who," added he, commandingly, and rising up with firmness and determination in his manner, "who shall impede my return? Is not my arm as warlike as thine? Though not so young, yet at to-morrow's dawn, in the open field, shalt thou be sensible of its prowess. Would to heaven that our meeting had terminated amicably! but I despise thy malice and thy threats, and in this awful solitude fear not thy single arm. When we meet next, it will be on more unequal terms: till then, thou paricide, farewell!"

He turned to ascend the rocky ground, but the friar, who had hitherto stood silent, opposed his progress. "O holy priest!" said the Baron, "I take thee to witness that I am not guilty of the blood which shall be shed to-morrow. Oh, guide me back through this dark and mazy way, to the confines of Malcar's camp!"

Woronof placed his hand upon the shoulder of the false priest, and felt the armour which his thin clothing but slightly concealed. "Then all is over!" exclaimed Woronof: "I am betrayed! the vision is fulfilled, but I am not unprepared—this arm shall at least do me justice on thee, thou disguised villain, if my progress be opposed!"

At this instant, a loud peal of thunder burst from a dark broken cloud; the wind roared through the hollows formed by the rocks and trees, and nature seemed to be prepared for a convulsive shock. At the first blow Woronof felled Barbaro to the ground, and with the second he would have terminated his existence, if his enemy behind had not arrested his arm, and discharged a furious blow with his sabre on his helmet. The blow made Woronof for a moment insensible;—rising, however, from the fallen Barbaro, he sprang towards his son, whom he advanced upon, and with a violent thrust of his foot, repelled to a distance of some yards: he was pursuing this fortunate turn, when he fell into a hole in the earth, from which he could not rise in sufficient time to counteract the attack of Barbaro, who struck him down as he had half-risen, and gave him a deep wound in his arm.

Barbaro now called to Berodsko that

the old villain was defenceless; and the latter demanded if he would now subscribe to the conditions of the peace. The Baron answered not; and Barbaro suggesting, after what had passed, that death was their only security, Berodsko pointed the sabre to the prostrate form of his father; and a glazing flash of lightning bursting upon the victim of his ferocity, he thrust the point between the two folds of his armour, deep into his side. The convulsive motion of the Baron, in the act of grasping the reeking weapon, as the monster drew it out, snapped the blade transversely in two, and made the crack re-echo through the wilds.

The venerable Baron now fell back, incapable of all farther resistance; for Barbaro, to render his death more certain, thrust his dagger into his throat, exclaiming, "Let us not do our business by halves! the dead cannot harm us—one spark of remaining life may."

No sign of existence remaining, Barbaro tied the ensanguined banner round the throat of the murdered Baron, proposing to draw the body to the adjoining cave, and leave it there as if it had been a prey to the attack of some banditti.—Berodsko, however, over-ruled this: "Shallow man!" he exclaimed, "do you think I was idle while you were proceeding to Malcar's camp? Many take refuge in caves, who may discover the murder too early.—No, I more wisely have dug his grave with this sabre, in which he may enjoy that peace he so ardently loves, and be taken up from it when our policy shall render it necessary to discover him! Come, help me to roll him into his new territory!"

They now rolled the body to the cursed spot, and hastily retired, after covering it imperfectly with the earth; leaving behind, the friar's gown, the broken piece of the sabre, and the consecrated banner, still fastened round the throat of the Baron. Their retreat was too sudden to collect these things, as the sound of a man's voice at a distance, evidently calling to some one, had created an alarm in their guilty souls, which now only thought of securing an escape from detection or suspicion.

Thus were laid in a premature grave, the remains of the excellent Woronof; and his only dirge was a long and tre-



mendous peal of thunder, which shook the adjoining forest, and made the hearts of the murderers recoil within them.

(To be continued.)

SELECTIONS

AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

DESCRIPTION OF PARIS.

\* \* \* Can any one deny that Paris is the first city in the world, the centre of all magnificence and grandeur, when he ascends the great terrace, and beholds every where, behind and before, to the right and to the left, the largest and handsomest buildings, palaces, and temples,—the fine banks of the Seine—the bridges of granite, across which throng thousands of people and carriages? But here you must remain, if you will not alter your opinion. On proceeding further, you meet with narrow streets, and the most disagreeable mixture of wealth and beggary. Close to the brilliant shop of a jeweller lies a heap of rotten apples and herrings; dirt abounds every where, and now and then even blood streams in rivulets from the butchers shops. The picture of the most elegant city is lost, and it seems as if all the dirt and filth of France had been brought to Paris by subterranean canals; but go one step further, and you breathe the fragrant odours of Arabia, for you are in the vicinity of one of those shops, so numerous in Paris, where they sell perfumes and pomatum. In short, at every step is a new atmosphere, and new objects of luxury, or the most disagreeable uncleanness; so that Paris may justly be called the finest and foulest, the most fragrant and most disagreeable city on the globe.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

EVELINA.

[The following beautiful Sonnet was sent us the last week, but too late for our purpose. It is said to be the production of an Italian bard of the fourteenth century, and translated by a gentleman well skilled in the language and antiquities of the country.]

It was on the white hawthorn, on the brow of the valley, I saw the rising of the

day first break—the young, the soft, the gay delightful morning; it kissed the crimson of the rose, mixed with her smiles, and laughed the season on us.

Rise my Evelina! soul that informs my heart! Do thou rise, too, more lovely than the morn in her blushes, more modest than the rifled rose when weeping in her dews, pride of the western shores.

The sky's blue face, when cleared by dancing sun-beams, looks not sereener than thy countenance; the richness of the wild honey is on thy lip, and thy breath exhales sweets like the apple-blossom;—black are thy locks, my Evelina! and polished as the raven's smooth pinions; the swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck,—and the witch of love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom.

Rise, my Evelina! the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee, without enmity to me, and the heath reserves its blossoms to greet with its odours; thy timid lover will pluck thee strawberries from the lofty awful crag, and rob the hazel of its auburn pride, the sweetness of whose kernel thou far exceedest; let my berries be as red as thy lips, and my nuts ripe, yet milky as the love-begotten fluid in the bridal bosom.

Queen of the cheerful smile! shall I not meet thee in the moss-grown cave, and press to my heart thy beauties in the wood of Iniscother? How long wilt thou leave me, Evelina, mournful as the lone son of the rock; telling thy beauties to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the grey stone of the valley?

Ah! dost thou not hear my songs, O virgin! thou, who shouldest be the tender daughter of a meek-eyed mother!

Whenever thou comest, Evelina, thou approachest like summer to the children of frost; and welcome with rapture, are thy steps to my view, as the harbinger of light to the eye of darkness.

Call him truly religious who believes in something higher, more powerful, more living, than visible nature; and who, clear as his own existence, feels his conformity to that superior being.

She neglects her heart who studies her glass.

ILLUMINATI.

[The following narrative, which congeals the blood with horror, is translated from a French work, entitled 'The Palace of the Thuilleries.' It is said to have been revealed by a person initiated in the secrets of the association, who did not fear exposing himself to the poignard with which he is threatened.]

When a person is about to be initiated, he is conducted along a dark passage into an immense large hall, of which the ceiling, the floor, and the walls are covered with black cloth, upon which, are represented red flames and hissing snakes. Three sepulchral lamps emit, at intervals a dying light, by which the remains of some dead bodies tied up in funeral crapes, are scarcely distinguishable. In the midst of this dismal apartment is a heap of skeletons, forming a kind of altar, on the side of which some books are laid: some of them contain threats against them who perjure themselves.

For eight hours, the novice is left alone in this hall, at the expiration of which several phantoms, drawing after them mortuary veils, slowly across the hall; and then sink under ground, leaving a fetid smell behind them. No noise attends their descent, nor is the working of the traps that assist them heard.

The recipient is left thus for twenty-four hours, in a chilling silence, in this dark apartment. Melancholy reflections, the result of his situation, and a rigid fast awakens his imagination. At his feet are placed three cups, containing a greenish liquor; thirst causes him to raise them to his lips, and an involuntary fear repels them: he can no longer resist the cravings of a scorching drought; he drinks, and is almost deprived of his senses.

Two men, who might be taken for the ministers of murder, appear; they approach the recipient without speaking one word; they bind round his head a yellow ribband, died with blood; round his neck are hung several sorts of amulets, covered with a violet cloth; he is stripped of his clothes, which are placed on a pile of wood, at the end of the hall; and upon his naked body several crosses are made with blood. In this state of suffering and humiliation, he sees five phantoms, covered with cloths dropping with blood, and armed with broad swords, approach him with great strides, their

faces are veiled, they spread a carpet upon the floor; they then, in a deep silence, fall prostrate with their faces upon the ground: an hour is passed in this painful attitude. After this fatiguing trial, plaintive sounds are heard; the pile of wood begins to burn, but only casts a pale light the clothes of the recipient are consumed, and from the middle of this pile a colossal, and almost transparent figure arises; at the sight of him, the five men, who were prostrate on the earth, fall in the most dreadful convulsions.

Then a trembling voice speaks from above, and articulates the form of the execrable oaths that the recipient must take; they cause nature to shudder; listen to them:

"Swear to break the carnal bonds that attach you to father, mother, brother, sister, wife, relations, friends, kings, chiefs, benefactors, and every one to whom you have promised faith, obedience, gratitude, or service.

"From this instant you are free from the pretended oath made to your country and its laws.

"Swear to reveal to the new chief, that you acknowledge all that you have seen or done, heard or read, learned or conjectured; and to make diligent search for, and to spy out that which does not appear clear to you.

"Honour and respect *l'Aqua Tofhana*, as a certain, ready, and necessary means to purge the globe, by death or by stupefaction, of those who seek to disgrace the truth, or to wrest it from our hands.

"Avoid Spain, avoid Naples, avoid all cursed land; and, lastly, avoid the temptation to reveal what you now hear, for the lightning is not swifter than the knife which will in that case reach you."

If the recipient, stung by his conscience, refuses to take the infernal oath, a poisonous beverage soon deprives him of life. If he submits, he drinks half a glass of a vase, filled with human blood, in which they wash his body, and he then pronounces the fatal words. A cold sweat runs down his livid cheeks, his tottering limbs can hardly support him; the brethren prostrate themselves, and he, trembling under a kind of delirium, awaits his destiny.

### SHAKESPEARE.

THE readers of Shakespeare, do delight in his writings, and their admiration and delight increase in proportion as they study them. His mind was an entire globe of light, which like the glorious orb of day, illumined the world by unborrowed rays. Truly has Dryden declared, that Shakespeare needed not the spectacle of books to read nature. He looked inwards, and he found her there. There is not a passion nor an emotion, honourable or base—there is not a wish nor a sigh of the heart, which you will not find in his writings, most correctly delineated, and most clearly displayed; not only in their general current, but in their particular turnings and windings—not only in their simple, uniform operations, but in their effects when combined and complicated. The truth of his investigations on man, in his relation with society, is so clear and so evident, that it would "glimmer through a blind man's eyes".—They cannot be read without being realized, for they are clothed with circumstances, and embodied by fact and experience.

### POWER OF BEAUTY.

Rapturous Poets, grave Philosophers, and even sound Divines, have acknowledged the power of Beauty, in consequence of having felt its potential operations. With regard to Beauty, indeed, there is an infinite variety of opinions; but there are also certain females, whose appearance insensibly attracts general attention from those who, with all the opposition in their sentiments, unite in pronouncing them superior to the greatest part of their sex, by *personal* allurements. Different, opposite as are the opinions of men, in various nations, concerning female pulchritude, there are, doubtless, in all quarters of the globe, women who are distinguished as the *Beauties* of their species, and who are warmly admired by those who are struck with their charms, whether they are *black, brown, or fair*—admired with a degree of devotion.

### CELTIC ACADEMY.

The Celtic Academy at Paris, at one of its last meetings, submitted to the test, an ingenious *contrivance* of one of its members, which communicates the *faculty* of

*corresponding and conversing with persons of whose language you are entirely ignorant, without any preliminary study, without expence, embarrassment, or the least mental exertions.* It was tried by twenty-five academicians on the European languages, and this trial demonstrated, that by means of this discovery, a person may travel wherever he pleases *without an interpreter*, that he may ask for every thing he wants, converse on every kind of subject interesting to a traveller, and even express *metaphysical ideas*. This process is intended to be made public.

Monthly Magazine.

CUMBERLAND, in his memoirs, speaking of the death of Garrick, says, "He was followed to the Abbey by a long extended train of friends, illustrious for their rank and genius, who truly mourned a man, so perfect in his art, that nature hath not yet produced an actor worthy to be called his second. I saw old Samuel Johnson standing beside his grave, at the foot of Shakespeare's monument, bathed in tears: a few succeeding years laid him in the earth, and though the marble shall preserve for ages, the exact resemblance of his form and features, his own strong pen has pictured out a transcript of his mind, that shall outlive that and the very language, which he laboured to perpetuate. Johnson's best days were dark, and only when his life was far in the decline, he enjoyed a gleam of fortune long withheld. Compare him with his countryman and contemporary last mentioned, and it will be one instance amongst many, that the man, who only brings the Muse's bantings into the world, has better lot in it, than he who has the credit of begetting them.

### SAD EVENT.

"What news in the great world?" asked a country parson, of a gentleman who had just left the metropolis.—"An event, Sir," answered he, "recently took place, which, from its aspect, threatened to affect every body in a manner, that, if persisted in, for any length of time, must have unavoidably produced the destruction of the whole town."—"Pray, Sir, what do you allude to?" said the parson with alarm.—"*A General Fast!* Sir," replied the other.



## TO THE

EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

I have been considerably amused, with the controversy of your fair correspondents ELIZA, and LUCETTA; but I must observe, that though the learned criticisms, the witty sarcasms, and perplexing syllogisms of Eliza, and the gently-flowing streams, the verdant hills, the sylvan shades, and sweetly-warbling choristers of Lucetta, have pleased and diverted me, candour compels me to say, they have not contributed much to my instruction. I cannot, however, refuse them my grateful acknowledgments for their good wishes.

Eliza, in her two last communications, levels her shafts principally at Lucetta, and seems tacitly to acknowledge the unjust severity of her first remarks towards me. But, notwithstanding, asserts, that the accusation against me in her first piece, stands correct. This reminds me of the poet's saying,

"A man convinc'd against his will,  
"Is of the same opinion still."

She very modestly observes, that she cannot boast a lover; but tells her fair readers not to pity her, for she has not yet attained her fifteenth year. This, to be sure, comes with all the grace of appropriate simplicity, from a little Miss of fifteen; but what shall we say of her consistency, when (her age considered) she reasons with all the confidence of a Stoic on the causes, operations, and effects of love; and, with the gravity of a superannuated judge, condemns, as inconsistent, the sentiments of one who can "boast a lover?"

Thus speaks Lucetta:—"Fear not, Belinda, to accept your Horatio. He, no doubt, still possesses those amiable qualities which at first engaged your attention.—Is it jealousy alone, that has obscured them? Expect not that a mortal, though worthy even of your love, should possess the purity of celestial beings."

Is not jealousy alone, Lucetta, sufficient to eradicate all the nobler feelings from the human breast? Is it not a devouring cancer to those genial affections which soothe the mind in all situations, and under all circumstances? Figure to yourself a man whose soul is writhing

beneath the convulsive throes of jealousy.—Picture to your imagination the quick transition of his countenance from a flushing produced by a contention of the irascible passions, to a ghastly paleness, with fears and doubts depicted in every feature.—Behold him in whatever situation he may be placed, plunged into the deepest reverie, starting like a homicide, whose guilty soul calls forth the most horrid spectres to his disordered mind. After this, Lucetta, will you not, at his approach, appeal in vain to your own heart for those gentle throbs, those rapturous sensations, the faithful harbingers of pure and generous love? Yes, it is an incontrovertible fact, that the man who is so far destitute of reason and judgment, as to be borne down with the weight of what are called unnatural passions, can never entertain a rational hope to enjoy the esteem of either of the sexes. His misery may excite pity, but cannot raise esteem. And among these passions, we must rank that vile destroyer of human happiness, ghastly, meagre jealousy. In what horrid, but in what true colours, has the inimitable THOMPSON drawn its picture. After describing the happy consequences of pure and virtuous love, he says:

"These are the charming agonies of love,  
Whose misery delights. But through the heart  
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,  
'Tis then delightful misery no more,  
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,  
Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects then,  
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,  
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace  
Shine out your last!—the yellow tinging plague,  
Internal vision taints, and in a night  
Of livid gloom, imagination wraps.  
And then!—instead of love-enlivened cheeks  
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes,  
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,  
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;  
A clouded aspect and a burning cheek,  
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,  
And frightens love away."

Will you not, Lucetta, after this, allow that Horatio, to be worthy even of my love, should possess, I need not say "celestial," but greater moral purity?

BELINDA.

Distrust yourself, if you fear the eye of the sincere; but be afraid of neither God or man, if you have no reason to distrust yourself.

## FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

A young man of fashion, in this city, who had, in the true modern stile, tinged himself with most of the vices and follies of the places he has passed through, had, together with many other accomplishments, gained a little knowledge of the creative art, and for some time used it, graced by an endless volubility of tongue, to the downright disgust of many people with whom he was on terms of intimacy. One day in particular he was detailing out accounts of the number of presents he had received from his friends, since his return from Europe, especially a rich bridle from Buonaparte, the ornaments &c. most superb. It is so exquisitely fine, said he, that it can never be used in the mouth of a filthy horse. What shall I do with it, said he, to Colonel S—. "Put it on your tongue, young man," replied the soldier. The shock was electrical—the youth was silenced, and peace restored to the circle.

## A SENSIBLE MADMAN.

A young man, whom his friends had been obliged to put in a private mad-house, was not mad enough to remain insensible to the charms of the keeper's pretty daughter. Encouraged in his addresses, he agreed to marry her. The day was fixed, the banns published, and they left the mad-house in a coach, to have the ceremony performed. When arrived in the church, he very properly led the lady to the altar, and the clergyman began the ceremony, saying to him, "do you take this woman for your wedded wife?" Upon which he exclaimed, "No, no, not so mad as that, neither!" then, taking to his heels, ran out of the church, and was not found for a considerable time afterwards.

## A COUNTRY PERFORMER.

A travelling player, who had solely to say, in Richard the Third, "*My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass;*" had repeated the line so often to himself, lest he should be imperfect, that, when he came to say it, instead of what has been written, he said: "*My lord, stand back, and let the parson cough.*"

TO THE  
EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,--Having had business to transact in New Jersey, I was prompted to request my clerk to keep a record, for one day, of the number of persons applying at my store, for the purpose of making purchases, &c.—As I am situated in the most conspicuous part of Broadway, and as the account rendered in possesses novelty, perhaps it may not prove unacceptable to your readers. While it serves to divert, it may afford some additional ideas of the manners and customs of our visitants.—

Opened shop at 6 o'clock—no business transacted before breakfast. At ten, two young ladies, of genteel appearance, enquired for various articles, all of which, of superior qualities, were presented.—“Didn’t like them—thought they could be better suited.” Inspected laces of the the first qualities.—“Price wasn’t high enough—wanted better.” In departing, dropped a small pocket book—handed by boy—contents: a one dollar bill—two accounts for making ladies gowns—Items for trimmings, &c.

At eleven a young man entered—wanted a waistcoat pattern—thought the Nelson’s eye,\* vastly handsome—ordered a *quarter of a yard*—waistcoat he’d on, six inches in length! about this time, several persons in store—attended myself on an elderly lady who wanted several articles—looked over various pieces of goods—thought the prices reasonable, but deferred purchasing—would call with her husband—bought, however, three skeins silk—value 18 cents. Knew her—yet in a state of celibacy.

Twelve o’clock, two boys and myself employed opening and shewing goods for three hours—amount sold \$2 50 cents.—

One o’clock—coach stopped at the door—three ladies entered—asked questions faster than was possible to answer—after inspecting various goods—say, a thousand dollars worth—bought to amount of *two dollars*—ordered servant to take goods to coach—took a polite departure. Four other ladies entered—blooming as Hebe—no covering to bosoms—as voluble as the nightingale—talked a great deal of the prevailing colours, and fashionable

\* A handsome pattern, so denominated.

dresses—inspected various goods—tho’t to make a *dashing sale*—was disappointed—left store without making a *single purchase*.

Two o’clock went to dinner—met the ladies who dropped the pocket-book—tendered it them—couldn’t speak to thank me—blush’d in the extreme.

After dinner a little leisure—placed goods in their proper situations—at four, female customers numerous—five questions at a time—didn’t know which to answer—left store—no purchases.

Eight o’clock—whole amount of Sales, \$6 75 cts. daily expences of store \$6.

Such, Sir, is the manner in which we pass much of our time. Should the question be asked what class of Society stands most in need of patience, let the answer be  
THE DRY GOOD SHOP-KEEPERS.

To the editor of the Weekly Visitor.

Sir,

The following verses are the production of a young lady. They breathe the spirit of resignation, which characterizes all her actions. Your giving them a place in your excellent Ladies’ Miscellany, will much oblige one of your subscribers.

VERSES BY A YOUNG LADY.

I ask not wealth, nor lengthen’d days,  
But Patience, LORD, to wait thy will;  
Then, whilst I’ve breath, I’ll sing thy praise,  
For every good, for every ill.

Oh! what a wretched race we are,  
Our sinful lives have us undone;  
There’s nought to keep us from despair,  
But faith in God’s dear blessed son.

On him I all my burden throw,  
Thro’ him, I hope to be forgiven;  
O! blessed truth! for us to know  
His death has made us heirs of heaven.

Though the cold earth embrace my clay,  
Yet I can my dear SAVIOUR trust  
To raise it, at that glorious day,  
When he awakes the sleeping dust.]

My soul! Oh could I paint the scene  
That soon will break upon my view—  
Pass quick ye hours that intervene;  
Life, I am sick and tired of you.

Yet patience bear my spirit up,  
Be strong my faith, I’ll not repine,  
Throw what thou wilt into my cup,  
Father, THY WILL BE DONE, not mine.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

Saturday, August 2.

The following occurrence is mentioned in the French papers:—Two women who arrived at Lyons from St. Lambert, on the 25th of April, passed that night there. On the following morning they pursued their journey, over mountains covered with snow. After having walked a long way, they perceived they had gone astray. They wandered for upwards of three hours, over rocks and brambles—Having reached the summit of the mountain, they were descending to the other side, which was a perfect precipice, and becoming entangled among the rocks which overhanging the precipice, were within two yards of destruction, when they halted, either through fatigue, or a sore warning of their danger, and exclaimed, “Oh God, help, help!” A man of the name of Rosset, who was at the other side of the precipice, cried out to them, “Stir not a step, or you are dead!” By a bye-path, he soon reached the top of the rock, and there found the women speechless thro’ terror; he instantly endeavoured to place one of them out of danger, but as he was assisting her, she fainted away. Rosset recovered her, and instantly proceeded to help the other woman; but had scarcely advanced three steps, when the ice which had collected under his wooden shoes, caused him to slip, when he immediately disappeared, and was found dead at the bottom of the precipice.

Correspondence, &c.

“The captive Englishman” came too late for this week’s paper—It shall be attended to.

“H. T. I.” has not handled his subject in a masterly style. He need not scrutinize to find the reverse of his positions.

MARRIED,

At the Friends’ meeting, Philadelphia, Mr Joseph Rakestraw, to Miss Elizabeth Field, both of that city.

Were I to punning much inclin’d,  
’Twould some amusement yield,  
To think this man, to rake and bind,  
Is furnish’d with a Field. [BALLADS.





**JOHN JONES,**  
UMBRELLA AND PARASOL  
MAKER,  
NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET  
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairs neatly executed.

N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above. Nov. 23.

TO THE LADIES,

—  
**STEPHEN CAVE,**

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS FRIENDS,  
AND THE PUBLIC,

That he has commenced LADIES' SHOEMAKING, in all its branches, at No. 285 Broadway, where may be had SILK, KID, and MORROCCO SHOES, of every description, and of the newest fashion. He hopes by strict attention to all commands in his line, to give satisfaction to those who may feel disposed to encourage a young beginner.

N. B. Orders in the above line, thankfully received, and strictly attended to.

July 19.

3m.

**W. S. TURNER,**

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 71, Nassau to No. 29 Parson street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so near in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

### TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT

OF

### TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

**N. SMITH,**

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE, No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, with printed directions. 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s 4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again. May 24. 1806.

### A NEW NOVEL.

*This Day is Published, by*

**I. RILEY, & Co.**

NO. 1, CITY-HOTEL, BROADWAY,

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A NEW NOVEL, BY MISS EDGEWORTH,

CALLED,

**LEONORA.**

The work is handsomely printed, comprising the two volumes of the English edition.

The popular Tales and other works of Miss Edgeworth, have already gained her the high estimation of the public. She HERE undertakes a species of writing she had never before attempted. From her present production, her literary reputation derives no inconsiderable accession. The style of this novel possesses a peculiar felicity of diction. It combines vivacity, elegance, and energy; nor is the design entitled to less commendation. This work displays and refutes the Latitudinarian principles which certain pretended philosophers have of late attempted to introduce into the fashionable female world. Few Novels have a stronger tendency to promote correct opinions, and the cause of virtue: none can boast of a stile more polished or attractive.

July 19.

4 t

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE

75 CENTS,

By J. OSBORN, at his Circulating Library, and Book Store, No. 13 Park,

A NEW AND EXCELLENT WORK,

ENTITLED,

**"THE FASHIONABLE WORLD  
DISPLAYED."**

BY THE REV. JOHN OWEN.

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This very valuable little work, has, within a short period, been five times printed in London, and is thus recommended by the Rev. T. F. Dibden, [author of "An Introduction to a knowledge of the best editions of the Greek and Latin CLASSICS"] in his translation of FENELON on the Education of Daughters.

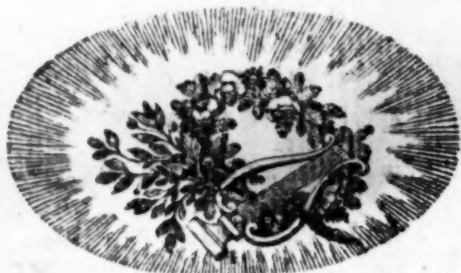
"I recommend the sensible mother, who has really the happiness of her daughters at heart, to peruse and re-peruse the excellent observations on this head which are to be found in a little pamphlet, lately published by the Rev. Mr. OWEN, entitled, "THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED."

July 19 5t

### MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter. Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14.



## RONDEAU.

[FROM THE "STRANGERS AT HOME."]

Woman's fate is still distressing,  
Be her lot whate'er it will;  
Man perverts her every blessing  
To a cause of future ill.

If with charms her form enduing,  
Nature kindest care employs;  
Man, the gaudy prize pursuing,  
Conquers first, and then destroys.

Riches serve but to entoil her....  
Like the Bee with honied store,  
Her wealth allures the cruel spoiler,  
And dooms her—victim of her hoard.

FROM THE EMERALD.

## THE DAUGHTER.

Ye daughters draw near, who are coax'd to be  
wives,  
By the glitter of gold, or by fame,  
Regard, as you wish for the peace of your lives,  
Whoever at wedlock may aim.

Ill-coupled, a train of calamities grow,  
That prudence itself cannot hush:  
If a fool, the poor dupe can no honour bestow,  
And if impudent, oft makes you blush.

If a miser, like mine, should present you his hand,  
Bid the sordid old wretch disappear,  
Pride, jealousy, hate, would your actions command,  
And repentance would bring up the rear.

The rake of all wretches, dear virgin, oppose,  
He always one's honour suspects;  
The worst of all women are all that he knows,  
And he thinks there's no odds in the sex.

But show me the lad of a generous heart,  
Where candour and good nature glow,  
And if I deny him, then bid me depart,  
And lead Apes in the regions below.

CLARA.

## VARIETY.

## ON OPPORTUNITY.

WHAT is this opportunity, that is so frequently spoken of? It is the turn of fortune's tide, that may waft us into port; an invitation from circumstances; a happy adaption of things to our views, hopes, or advantage. To whom is it presented? Frequently the blind, timid or prudent. Who have availed themselves of it? *Answer*—'All those who have raised themselves to prosperity.' Is the use or abuse of it most frequent? *Answer*—'The scale of misery weighs heaviest!' That arrangement of circumstances that did lead, or might have conducted us to a pleasing issue, is called Opportunity. What name is there for an assemblage of things that leads us to ruin? *Answer*—'None.'

To avoid certain ruin, a man must often submit to some inconveniences, nor hesitate to subscribe to hard conditions, any more than he would, if falling from a precipice, scruple to lay hold on a bramble, and thus save his neck at the expense of his hand.

## Description of a Murderer.

"He appeared like nothing that had ever been visible in human shape. His visage was haggard, emaciated and fleshless. His complexion was a dun and tarnished red, the colours uniform through every region of the face, and suggested the idea of its being burnt and parched by the eternal fire that burned within him. His eyes were red, quick, and wandering, full of suspicion and rage. His hair was neglected, rugged and floating. His whole figure was thin to a degree, that suggested the idea rather of a skeleton than of a person actually alive. Life seemed hardly to be the capable inhabitant of so wo-begone and ghost-like a figure. The taper of wholesome life was expired; but passion, fierceness, and frenzy, were able, for the present, to supply their places."

Covent-Garden comprehends an acre of ground, and is the property of John, the most noble duke of Bedford. The revenue it brings the duke is immense.

In Covent- Garden (square) are the Hummums, the rendezvous of midnight

men; that is lobby loungers, &c. who repair thither,

To lose in sleep the labours of the day.

FROM LITTLE'S POEMS.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."  
ST. JOHN.

Oh! woman, if by simple wile  
Thy soul has stray'd from honor's track,  
'Tis mercy only can beguile  
With gentle ways, the wand'rer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,  
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay,  
As clouds that sully morning skies,  
May all be wept in show'rs away.

Go, go—be innocent, and live,  
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;  
But heav'n in pity can forgive,  
And bids thee 'go and sin no more.'

The most abhorred thing in nature is the face that smiles abroad, and flashes fury when it returns to a tender helpless family.

The strong or weak side of a man can never be so soon known as when you see him engaged in dispute with a weak or malicious wrangler.

Whom every book delights which he reads, none has instructed which he read.

Who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, colly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the first requisites of man.

He rules himself with power who can spontaneously repress his laughter; but he who can hide emotions of love, exerts still greater energy.

Incredible are his powers, who desires nothing that he cannot will.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM . . . PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY.

THOSE WHO RECEIVE IT BY MAIL, TO PAY IN ADVANCE.

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